

THE PRETTY GRANDCHILDREN OF CAPTAIN J. N. BUSH

king wuz stannin' dar, wid his head open,
an' when Mack come out, he look des
fresh ez ef he hadn't done no work.
I see king he 'low, ' speck you'll git my

(To be continued.)

"Yes," said Tom fluently, "but everybody knows you wear trousers."

Main Street.

promise ter 'nother gal. W'id dat d
king sent fer his daughter, an' whe
she come in Mack seed dat she want no
body but de gal what he done stricken
wid."

"Is that all?" asked Sweetest Susan.
"Tain't half," repli Drusilla. "E
I swax fer tell you all dat Mack don
wid dat ring, I'd keep you here a week
er mo."

(To be continued.)

Everybody Didn't Know.
One cold day little Tom, in his drawers, was walking out with his tin overcoat turned back to its utmost limit when his father said to him:
"Tom, button your coat!"
Tom hesitated a while.
"Look at mine," added his father.
"Yes," said Tom ruefully, "but everybody knows you wear trousers."

of Toronto, 1903, before H. D. GAMBLE, Notary Public.

S & SON, Agents,
Main Street.